Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vppon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortality, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy fa
Mar. Is it no more to be your d
thers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* v
the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise,
Giue me fresh garments, mine ow
at *Tharsus*, as she should haue be
tell thee all, when thou shalt knee
she is thy very Princes; who is thi

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouernor of
melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh h
But harke, what Musicks this *Hell*
Tell him ore point by point, for ye
How sure you are my daughter;

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the

Lys. It is not good to crosse him

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not he

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke,
It nips me vnto listening, and thic
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest

Lys. A pillow for his head, so le
Well my companion friends, if t
liefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ep*
Hie thee thither, and do vpon min
my maiden priests are met togeth
ueale how thou at sea didst lose th
with thy daughters call, and giue
performe my bidding, or thou liu
by my siluer bow; awake and tell

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse e
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

A

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